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Burgoyne-Richard Coeur-De-Lion

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EVERT JANSEN WENDELL

CLASS OF 1882

OF NEW YORK

1918

[redacted]

RICHARD CŒUR-DE-LION..

AN OPERA.

BY GENERAL BURGOYNE.

CORRECTLY GIVEN, FROM COPIES USED IN THE THEATRES,

BY

THOMAS DIBDEN,

Author of several Dramatic Pieces: and

PROMPTER OF THE THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

NEW-YORK:

R. HOBBS PUBLISHER.

1831.

EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
1918

RICHARD CŒUR-DE-LION.

TAKEN from a French opera by Monsieur Sedaine, was produced with great success at Drury Lane in 1786. The managers of Covent Garden accepted another translation of the same piece from Mr. Macnally, and a sort of contest ensued between the two theatres, for precedency of representation. Mr. Macnally succeeded as to time, but not at all in point of effect; and though at the Covent Garden Richard was played a few nights cotemporary with the rival opera at Drury Lane, the latter maintained its ground, and Mr. Macnally's was eventually withdrawn, although then it possessed much more of probability and historical fact.—General Burgoyne has, however, given most satisfactory reasons for deviating from this original in the subjoined advertisment.

"In adapting the following scenes to the English stage, no adventitious matter has been introduced: some liberty, however, has been taken in effecting the principle incident of the piece; the discovery of Richard's confinement being now given to Matilda in place of Blondel, as well to increase the interest of the situation, as to avoid the less affecting interposition of the heroine in the latter part of the drama.—The elegant author of this romance, will pardon a freedom which has been taken with no other view than that of giving the best assistance of our stage to his admired composition."

, servant to Sir Owen .	
A Pilgrim, the Friend of Blondel	Mr. Webb.
Peasant	Mr. Caulfield
Matilda	Mrs. Jordan.
Laurette	Mrs. Crouch.
Dorcas	Mrs. Maddocks.
Julie	Miss Decamp.

Soldiers, Peasants, &c.

	1801. *Drury Lane.*	1814. *Covent Garden.*
Richard	Mr. Kelly.	Mr. Sinclair.
Blondel	Mr. Barrymore.	Mr. Barrymore.
Florestan	Mr. Caulfield.	Mr. Durouset.
Sir Owen	Mr. Dignum.	Mr. Taylor.
The Seneschal . .	Mr. Cooke.	Mr. Norris.
Antonio	Mrs. Bland.	Miss Rennel.
Guillot	Mr. Suett.	Mr. Simmons.
Old Matthew . .	Mr. Maddocks.	Mr. Williams.
William Servant to Sir Owen . .	Mr. Fisher.	Mr. Menage.
A Pilgrim, the Friend of Blondel	Mr. Webb.	
Peasant	Mr. Gibbon.	
Matilda	Mrs. Mountain.	Miss Stephens.
Laurette	By a young Lady.	Miss Matthews.
Dorcas	Mrs. Maddocks.	Mrs. Coates.
Julie	Miss Bristow.	Miss Worgman.

Soldiers, Peasants, &c.

Richard Coeur de Lion.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A view of a strong Castle, situated in a wild mountainous Country; on one side a rustic Mansion-house; on the other a stone seat.*

During the overture, old MATTHEW, DORCAS, *and several Peasants, pass over the Stage, with their working Tools, as returning from their labour.*

*Chorus of Peasants.**

COME sing, come dance,
For to-morrow is the day;
Come sing, come dance,
'Tis old Matthew's wedding-day.
Yes, to-morrow, you know,
To his house we shall go,
To drink and be gay,
To dance, sing, and play
Away with all sorrow,
For joy comes to-morrow.
Old M. I am happy, I swear,
My Dorcas, my dear,
To think that to-morrow is our wedding-day.

DUETT.—DORCAS *and old* MATTHEW.

Though we're sixty years old,
Let the young ones behold,
Our age, like our youth, is contented and gay

*The irregularity of the measure in all the poetry of this opera, proceeds from its having been adapted to the French music.

Chorus. Come sing, come dance,
To-morrow's the day;
Come sing, come dance,
'Tis old Mathew's wedding-day,
Yes, to-morrow, you know,
To his house we shall go,
To drink and be gay,
To dance, sing, and play;
Away with all sorrow,
For joy comes to-morrow. [*Exeunt.*

Enter MATILDA, *after the last Chorus, led in by* ANTONIO.

Mat. Antonio, what sounds were those? Surely they were singing.

Ant. It is only the villagers who are returning from the fields; the sun is setting, and they have done their work.

Mat. Where are we now, my gentle guide?

Ant. You are not far from a great old castle, with towers and battlements. And there now, if you had your sight, you might see two soldiers on the walls with their cross-bows.

Mat. I am sadly tir'd.

Ant. Stay—this way—here is a stone—it is made into a seat—[*Matilda sits.*]—what a pity you cannot see the prospect; though so wild, it is said to be as fine as any in all Germany. Now just opposite to us is a very well looking house, 'tis a farm, but as good as any gentleman's.

Mat. Then go, my little friend, and find out whether we can lodge there to night.

Ant. I will, and no doubt you may. The owner is a foreigner, from England, as they say; and though he is very passionate, all the village say he is very good natured. [*Going, returns.*] But shall I find you here when I come back?

Mat. Yes, truly, you may be pretty sure of that; those that can't see are not over fond of wandering. But you will not fail to return.

Ant. No, that I won't. [*Going, stops.*] But, sir, there is something I have been wanting all day to tell you.

Mat. Well, Antonio—what is it?

Ant. Why it is—it is—oh! I am sorry—

Mat. Speak, child!—tell me what is it?—

Ant. Why it is—and it vexes me sadly—that it will not be in my power to be your guide to-morrow

Mat. How so, my little friend?

Ant. I must go to a wedding.—My grandfather and grandmother keep their wedding-day to-morrow, and my grandson, who is their brother——

Mat. Your grandson—have you a grandson, Antonio?

Ant. No—their grandson, who is my brother, that's it—is to be married at the same time to a sweet, pretty, little girl of the village.

Mat. But what will become of me without a guide?

Ant. Oh, I'll engage some one for you, I'll warrant! and you may contrive to come to the wedding, and join in the music, while we dance. We'll manage never fear.

Mat. You love dancing, Antonio!

SONG.—ANTONIO.

The merry dance I dearly love,
For then, Collette, thy hand I seize,
And press it too whene'er I please,
And none can see, and none reprove:
Then on thy cheek quick blushes glow,
And then we whisper soft and low;
Oh! how I grieve! you ne'er her charms can know.

She's sweet fifteen, I'm one year more,
Yet still we are too young, they say;
But we know better sure than they,
Youth should not listen to threescore;
And I'm resolved I'll tell her so,
When next we whisper soft and low;
Oh! how I grieve! you ne'er her charms can know.

[*Exit.*

Mat. Antonio!—he is gone—now then I may safely use my sight.—[*Takes the bandage from her eyes.*] A fortress, indeed—there are towers, and moats, and battlements. They say it is strongly guarded, and almost inaccessible. Its appearance at least justifies the report that was made to me; for in this wild and sequester'd spot, such

SONG.—MATILDA.

Oh, Richard! oh, my love!
By the faithless world forgot,
I alone in exile rove,
To lament thy hapless lot.
I alone of all remain
To unbind thy cruel chain,
By the faithless world forgot;
I, whose bosom sunk in grief,
Least have strength to yield relief.

Delusive glory! faithless powe'r!
Thus the valiant you repay,
In disaster's heavy hour,
Faithless friendship's far away.
Yet, royal youth,
One faithful heart,
From tenderest truth,
Though hopeless, never shall depart.

Oh, Richard! oh, my love!
By the faithless world forgot;
I alone in exile rove,
To lament thy hapless lot.

But I hear a noise; I must resume my disguise.

Enter SIR OWEN *and* GUILLOT.

Sir O. I'll teach you to bring letters to my daughter.

Guil. Sir, 'twas the governor sent me.
Sir O. The governor! what's the governor to me?

QUARTETTO.—MATILDA, GUILLOT, *and* SIR OWEN

Sir O. What care I for the governor!
Mat. O! should it be, this governor. [*Aside.*
Guil. He sent me, I knew no better,
——————with the letter.
Sir O. My daughter listen to his art!
What, my Laurette,
So far forget,
The modest virgin's duteous part!
——And thou—I pray, [*To Guillot.*
Good knave, shall I the postage pay?
Guil. No, sir, indeed,
There is no need,
I'm gone with speed.

Enter LAURETTE.

Sir O. Pray tell your governor,
His hopes are vain
Laurette to gain.
His lordship is by far too good,
And I would thank him if I could.
Mat. If of this castle he should be
The governor—what joy for me. [*Aside.*
Guil. Yet he's my lord the governor;
Sir O. What's he to me, your governor;
Be gone, I say,
You'd best not stay;
And you, if ever I discover—— [*To Lau.*
You lend an ear
To this designing lover,
Then, then you shall have cause to fear.
Mat. Ah! should it be what joy for me. [*Aside.*
Come, come, my friends, no quarrel, pray;
[*To them.*
Your anger cease,
Keep, keep the peace.
Lau. What can this be?
I never see

[illegible] to her father—only she'll do nothing I bid her—I should like to know what all this is now. [*Looking at the letter.*]—The governor writes a military hand—his letters edge out a cheveux de frize fashion—all zigzag—like his own fortification—I can't make any way through it—I wish I had somebody to decipher it—Oh! here's a sort of an outlandish lad—I may trust him—Youngster—can you read?

Mat. Oh! yes, sir.

Sir O. Well then read me this. [*Offers the Letter.*

Mat. Oh! indeed, sir! I could once, but the cruel Saracens——

Sir O. The Saracens—what did the Saracens do to you?

Mat. The cruel monsters put out my eyes, having taken me prisoner in a great battle, where I was page to a captain in king Richard's army! But have you not seen a little boy?

Sir O. Yes.

Mat. 'Tis he who guides me—He can read, and will do whatever you bid him.

Sir O. Oh! here he comes, I believe.

Enter ANTONIO.

Mat. Antonio, is that you?

Ant. Yes, 'tis I.

Mat. Take the letter which the gentleman here will give you, and read it aloud to him.

Ant. [*Reading.*] *Beautiful Laurette*——

Sir O. Pshaw!

Ant. Beautiful Laurette, my heart overflows with ecstacy and gratitude, for the kind assurances you give me of eternal affection.

Sir O. Eternal affection—and that puts him into an ecstacy—very well.

Ant. If my attendance on the prisoner, whom I must not quit—

Mat. [*Aside.*] The prisoner!

Ant. If my attendance on the prisoner, whom I must not quit, would suffer me to go out during the day—I would hasten to throw myself——

Sir O. Into the ditch of your castle, I hope.

Mat. Whom I must not quit. [*Aside.*]—Read on quickly. [*To Antonio.*

Ant. I would hasten to throw myself at your feet. But if this night—here are some words blotted out.

Mat. Well, what follows?

Ant. Contrive some means to inform me, at what hour I may speak to you. Your tender, faithful, and eternally constant FLORESTAN.

Sir O. Here's a damn'd governor for you.—Oh! if I had him in England on the top of Penmanmawr

Mat. What! are you a Briton then?

Sir O. Yes, I am, sir; and an enemy to slaves of course, in love or out——

Mat. Glorious nation! But how comes it, sir, that you are settled so far from your native country?

Sir O. Oh! that is to long a story to tell you, but it would not have happened if I hadn't gone to the crusades at Palestine.

Mat. What, under the brave Richard?

Sir O. Brave! ay! I would follow him to the world's end—my ruin was no fault of his.—Well, you must know, that when I returned from Palestine, I found my father was dead—

Mat. He was very old, perhaps.

Sir O. No—but he was slain by a neighbour of his in single combat: on my return I reveng'd his death.

Mat. Of course—you fled——

Sir O. Yes, with my daughter and wife, who is since dead—my castle and my lands were forfeited—and after fighting her battles, I was sentenc'd by my ungrateful country——

Enter MATILDA, LAURETTE, *and* ANTONIO.

Lau. Pray, good youth, tell me what my father has been saying to you.

Mat. Are you the pretty Laurette?

Lau. Yes, sir.

Mat. Your father is very angry—he knows the contents of that letter from the chevalier Florestan.

Lau. Yes—Florestan is his name—and did you read that letter to my father?

Mat. No—not I—I am blind, alas!—it was my little guide.

Ant. Yes, but didn't you bid me read it? [*Retires.*

Lau. Oh! I wish you had not done so——

Mat. Some other person would.

Lau. That's true—and what did the letter say?

Mat. It says that on account of the prisoner in that castle—and who is that prisoner?

Lau. Oh!—no one knows who it is.

Mat. The chevalier cannot come to throw himself at your feet.

Lau. Poor Florestan!

Mat. But that this night——

Lau. This night!

SONG.—LAURETTE.

Oh! would the night my blushes hide,
The truth to thee I would confide.

Yes, yes, I own 'tis true,
Whene'er his eyes I meet,
My heart begins to beat;
It beats, and trembles too.

For when my hand he gently presses,
A struggling sigh I fear confesses,
Ah! more than blushes could impart;
And more than words betrays my heart.

Oh! would the night my blushes hide,
The truth to thee I would confide.
Yes, yes, I own 'tis true,
Whene'er his eyes I meet,
My heart begins to beat;
It beats, and trembles too.

Mat. You love him then, Laurette?

Lau. Oh, most dearly, that I do, day and night, truly and sincerely.

Mat. And do you not fear to own it?

Lau. No, not to you. You seem kind and tender-hearted, and you speak gently to me; and then you cannot see me whether I blush or not—and so—I am not afraid.

Mat. Pretty Laurette!

Lau. But who told you I was pretty?

Mat. Alas! being blind, I guess only by the voice; the softness and sweetness of that is beauty to me. But let me counsel you, my innocent. These knights, these men of high descent, beware of them; when they seem most devoted to your beauty, they are least forgetful of their own rank, and the nobleness of your soul is overlooked by the pride of their own high birth.

Lau. But my birth is not inferior to his, though my father is now in banishment——

Mat. No!—and does he know it?

Lau. Yes; and never talks to me but in words of goodness and honour: and if it wasn't that my father is so passionate, I should have told him every thing long ago.

As when in darkness shrouded.

Lau. Good sir, repeat that pretty strain,
Pray again, again.
A lesson kind it does impart,
To guard against a lover's art.

Mat. With all my heart.
The god of love a bandeau wears;
Would you know what it declares,
And why his eyes are clouded?
'Tis to show us that his pow'r
Is ne'er so fatal, ne'er so sure,
As when in darkness shrouded.

Lau. Look, there are two pilgrims meeting my father——see——he embraces one of them—sure, those cannot be the visiters he expected—I must go——

Mat. A moment, Laurette—I have something to say to you.

Lau. About Florestan?

Mat. No!

Lau. Oh! then I can't stay. [*Exit into the house.*

Mat. They are coming this way. I can't retire till my guide comes.

Enter SIR OWEN, BLONDEL, *and Pilgrim.*

Sir O. My brave friend, how rejoic'd I am to see you. You are well disguised indeed; I myself should never have guess'd it was Blondel.

Mat. Blondel! what do I hear! [*Aside.*

Blon. Caution, my friend. My search would be fruitless indeed, should I be discovered.—And see.

[*Pointing to Matilda.*

Sir O. It is a poor blind youth, a wandering minstrel who diverts the peasants.

Mat. Shall I play, worthy gentlemen? I have a ditty made by a royal lover, on the lady whom he loved.

[*Plays.*

Sir O. Why are you so much astonished?

Blon. That was made by my gallant master—prithee go on. [*She plays again.*] Oh! how it reminds of happy days!——Tell me, boy—where could you learn that tune?

Mat. I was taught it by a servant of king Richard's camp, who said he had heard the king himself sing to it.

Blon. Even so;—he made it for the lovely and unfortunate Matilda; unfortunate indeed!—for passing through Artois, I learned that she had left her father's court, and fled almost alone, upon the rumour that the royal Richard had been treacherously seized, as he returned from Palestine.—O! if her gallant monarch yet lives, sure heaven will guide some of those who seek him to the prison that immurs him.

Sir O. Perhaps the fair Matilda alone has had intelligence.

Blon. O! no—But yesterday I pass'd the seneschal's, her father's trusty friend, who with a chosen band of troops was searching to reclaim her; and he had learned, that stript of her companions by perfidy, or death—she had sought the shelter of a monastry.

Mat. The seneschal so near. [*Aside.*] Gracious sir, if music has pleas'd you, will you entreat your kind host to lodge this night a poor harmless minstrel, who lost his precious sight in Palestine, and I will play all night to sooth you.

Blon. Poor youth.—He will, I doubt not.—

[*Makes signs to Antonio, who leads off Matilda.*

Sir O. I had refused him only from the caution I thought due to you. But come, you must forget the pilgrim awhile—we'll in to supper soon. In the mean time I'll sing you a song, and these my rustic neighbours shall join the chorus.

Every man must have his way;
But to my poor way of thinking,
True joy is drinking.

Chorus. But to my poor way of thinking,
True joy is drinking.

Cœur de Lion loves the wars,
Richard's joy is blows and scars;
Conquer'd pagans fly before him,
Christian warriors all adore him;
Watching, marching night and day.
Well! well!
Every man must have his way,
But to my poor way of thinking,
True joy is drinking.

Chorus. But to my poor way of thinking,
True joy is drinking.

You too, pilgrims, love your trade,
You recruit the bold crusade,
Making zealots cross the ocean
In a fit of fierce devotion;
Pilgrims love to fast and pray.
Well! well!
Every man must have his way;
But to my poor way of thinking,
True joy is drinking.

Chorus. But to my poor way of thinking,
True joy is drinking *Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Chamber in the Castle.*

Enter RICHARD *and* FLORESTAN.

Rich. Florestan!
Flor. Sire!
Rich. Your fortune is in your power.
Flor. Sire!—my honour is.
Rich. Honour! to a traitor!—a base! perfidious—
Flor. Did I believe him so, I would not serve him; and not believing, I must not listen, where I dare not answer.——
Rich. But Florestan—— [*Florestan bows, and exit.*] Oh God!—oh misery!—Is this to be my lot for ever!—Am I doom'd by a vile traitor's craft to wear my life away in ignominious bondage!—But Richard is forgot—deserted by his people—by the world!—[*He looks on a Picture.*] Image of her I love!—come—Oh! calm, console my heart——No—thou doest redouble all my griefs—thou art my despair——O, death! I call on thee—thy dart alone can break my chains—my freedom is my grave!

SONG.—RICHARD.

Lost to the world, forgot, forlorn,
In vain to me returns the morn
  That brings no more my glorious toils;
Yet bless the beams that gave to sight
This image of my soul's delight,
  This heaven of soothing smiles.
Vain is the thought of former power
To sooth the present mournful hour:
O, death! be thou my friend;
Hopeless I live, my sorrows end. [*Exit.*

Sentinel on each Side.

Enter RICHARD *and* FLORESTAN.

Flor. The morning breaks—the fresh air is lighten'd by the dawn—profit of it, sire, for your health's sake.—Within an hour your guards must do their duty, and you will be again secluded from the day. [*Exit.*

[*Richard walks to the further End of the Terrace, and remains in a Posture of deep despair.*

Enter MATILDA *and* ANTONIO *on the other Side the Fosse and Parapet.*

Mat. Antonio, stay awhile; here on this rising ground we'll rest—I love to feel the pure fresh air—it is the balmy breath of morn, whispering the sun's approach. Were are we now?

Ant. Close to the parapet of the castle which you bid me bring you to.—[*Matilda offering to get upon the Parapet.*] Ah! don't attempt to get upon it—you'll fall.

Mat. Indeed! Well here, kind boy—take this money, and go buy something for us, that we may breakfast.

Ant. You give me a great deal—

Mat. Keep for yourself what is too much.

Ant. Oh, thank you! and pray take care not to go too near the moat. [*Exit.*

Mat. When you return we will walk to some shade—shall we?—You don't answer me—he is gone—and

now then—[*Lifts up the Bandeau, and raises herself the Parapet.*] Ah! no one to be seen!

Rich. A year—a year is pass'd! hope is exhausted!

Mat. How still! how silent—Sure if those walls enclose him, my voice may reach their deepest recesses—Oh! if he is here he will remember the strain—'twas the offering of his earliest love in happy days—of love for her, who now uncertain of his fate—yet shares his misery.

Rich. No cheering thought! no glimmering ray of consolation—O memory!—O Matilda! [*Matilda plays.*] What sounds!—heavens!—the very strain I once—Oh! let me hear——

Mat. [*Sings.*] One night in sickness lying,
A prey to grief and pain.

Rich. Heaven, that voice!

Mat. [*Sings.*] When aid of man was vain,
And hope and life were flying,
Then came my mistress to my bed,
And death, and pain, and sorrow fled.
[*She stops and raises herself to listen.*

[*Richard, while she sings, having expressed the extremes of surprise, hope, and joy, seems to endeavour to recall to his memory the rest of the ditty, and recollecting it, answers,*

The gentle tears soft falling
Of her whom I adore,
My tender hopes recalling,
Did life and love restore.
Could I but view Matilda's eyes,
Fortune, thy frowns I should despise.

(*Together.*)

Richard.	*Matilda.*
The gentle tears soft falling	My gentle tears soft falling
Of her so long ador'd,	For him so long ador'd,
My tender hopes recalling,	His tender hopes recalling,
Have love and life restor'd.	Have love and life restor'd.

Mat. Are you strangers passing near,
Pleas'd, perhaps, my song to hear?

CHORUS.—*Soldiers.*

To prison straight, to prison straight;
There he may sing early and late.

Mat. Ah, good sir, no anger, pray,
With pity hear what I've to say!
The Saracens, so fierce in fight,
Have deprived me of my sight.
I know not what this anger's for,
I've business with the governor;
'Tis of moment, you will see,
And he should know it instantly.

CHORUS.—*Soldiers.*

You know not what our anger's for,
And would speak with the governor?

Mat. 'Tis of moment, you will see,
And he should know it instantly.

CHORUS.—*Soldiers.*

Well, you shall see the governor,
He'll tell you what our anger's for!

But since your business is of weight,
We'll suspend awhile your fate.
Hark!—he comes, the governor;
And now take heed, take heed, pert youth,
To tell the truth;
For if you lie,
You surely die

Enter FLORESTAN.

Mat. Where is the governor?

Flor. Here!

Mat. On which side?

Flor. Here!—

Mat. I have something of importance to communicate to him.

Flor. Attempt no trifling, or you perish that instant.

Mat. Ah, sir! those who have lost their sight are half depriv'd of life already!—Is it for a poor blind minstrel like me to attempt to deceive you?

Flor. Speak then.

Mat. Are we alone?—Now I think my device can't fail. [*Aside.*

Flor. [*Signs to the Soldiers, who retire.*] We are alone.

Mat. Then, sir, the lovely Laurette——

Flor. Speak lower.

Mat. The beauteous Laurette, sir, has read to me the letter you sent her yesterday; in which you expressed your joy at her confessing her love for you, and press so much for an opportunity to speak with her.

Flor. Well, my good friend, and what says she?

Mat. She says you may safely call at her father's house this evening, at any hour you please.——

Flor. At her father's house!

Mat. Yes; she says her father has some friends with him, to whom he means to give a fete, and takes the opportunity of a wedding in the neighbourhood to invite all the village to his house, where there will be nothing but feasting, dancing, and merriment; during which, Laurette says, she will find means to speak with you, and you may easily make a pretence for a visit,

Flor. Ha! ha! ha! ridiculous enough!—But you have really done it very well—here is a purse for—

[*Offers money.*

Mat. Pardon, good governor—should any one be near, and observe that you reward me, they will suspect something——

Flor. 'Tis very true—— [*He crosses by her.*

Mat. But, Mr. Governor, lest they should—

Flor. Well!

Mat. Oh, you are on that side—I say, lest they should guess at my errand, had'nt you better seem angry, and so reprimand me, and send me back?

Flor. [*Signs to the Soldiers to come down.*] You are right—upon my life this is a very clever lad—though he is blind.

DIALOGUE *and* CHORUS.

Mat. Sir, to blame me is most hard,
For the noise pray blame the guard.
Flor. They should not send such foolish boys,
For such a message—such a noise.

CHORUS.—*Soldiers.*

Silence, fellow, and begone,
'Twas you alarm'd the garrison,

Enter ANTONIO, *frightened and crying.*

Ant. Ah! good sir, forgive him, pray,
Ah! hear with pity what I say;
The Saracens, so fierce in fight,
Have deprived him of his sight,
And shut him from the blessed light.

CHORUS.—*Soldiers.*

'Tis well for thee, [*To Matilda.*
For couldst thou see,
Thou hadst died by our decree.
So haste away,
Begone, I say,
And if again we catch you here,
Be assur'd 'twill cost you dear. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A great Hall in Sir Owen's House.*

BLONDEL *and Friend, with* SIR OWEN.

Blon. My friend, I would without profession trespass on your hospitality, but in truth, we must away—our search, I do perceive, is fruitless here—and till I learn some tidings of my royal master's state, I cannot tarry for mirth's sake—therefore we leave you to your rural guests, and may gay content be with you.

Sir O. I cannot blame your haste, though I lament it—yet one night methinks—you will see gay pastimes and simple jollity, but such as will divert you, believe me; and see here is my little prattler, Julie, will join in my request.

stay?

Julie. They look so grave I am afraid of them.

Sir O. Oh! go—try.

Julie. [*Goes to Blondel, and takes his hand.*] Pray, sir, don't leave us; how can you think of going away when we are all going to be so merry?

Blon. We are very sorry, my pretty hostess, that it must be so.

Julie. But indeed you shall not go—for if you go away, my father will have no one to talk to while we are all dancing and running about.

Sir O. You little rogue, how do you know but I intend to dance myself?

Julie. Lord, sir, that would be pleasant—ha! ha! I should like to see you dance!

Sir O. Well, you are very good, however, Julie, to wish me to be some way amused—it is very considerate in you.

Julie. Yes, sir, because then you would have something else to do than to mind us——

Sir O. So!—very well, innocent!

Julie. Then pray, gentlemen, don't go—let me entreat you to stay for our festival.

AIR.—JULIE.

Let me, gentle pilgrim, entreat you comply,
I'm sure by your looks you cannot long deny;
Kind sir, we beg you'll deign to stay,
To hail with glee our wedding-day,

All on the green, with garlands fresh and fair,
Oh! what delight, would you our pastime share.
With dance and song
We'll join the throng
And banish every care;
For such a theme,
Though young I seem,
Yet sing I may one tender lay.
O love! O gentlest pow'r,
Smile on the wedding hour.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, the seneschal is come, leaving his troops above the wood; with a few followers, he waits impatiently to speak to you——

Sir O. I come. [*Exit Servant.*] My friends, it shall not be farewell yet, I will return.

[*Exit, leaving Julie, who looks back, and makes signs to Blondel not to leave them.*

Friend. You still avoid being known to the seneschal.

Blon. Perhaps I may safely disclose myself; but wherefore, if Richard——

Enter Servant.

Serv. There is a youth without, who says he must be admitted to you.

Blon. To me?

Serv. He that you heard play and sing yesterday.

Blon. Pray let him come.—[*Exit Servant.*] And after we will pursue our journey.

Enter MATILDA

Mat. How, sir? Did you doubt to see me?—I have spent the day requesting it. You should not have paused upon it, but hear me, and alone. [*Exit Pilgrim.*

Blon. I knew not your desire sooner—but how is this good youth?—you were blind yesterday.

and heaven desert thee!

Blon. What can this mean? My royal master—

Mat. Blondel—your king—your leader—your friend—pass but these gates and you behold his prison—but hold—

Enter SIR OWEN, *speaking to the Seneschal, and two Knights.*

Sir O. Nay, but the youth you speak of is—

Seneschal. Matilda—my noble mistress! [*Kneels.*] thus let me excuse the abrupt intrusion of my duty.

Blon. Matilda!

Mat. Rise, seneschal!—Yes Matilda—a fugitive from all she owed her station and a father's love—but tell them peerless Richard was the cause—and tell them too, that heaven at length has sanction'd what resistless love resolved—Seneschal, I know your zeal, and firm attachment to your master's friend—Sir Owen, your monarch is in chains—and you are a Briton—

Sir O. We will deliver him, or die!

[*While the Symphony plays, some of the Seneschal's party go out and return with more of their Friends to whom they seem to relate what has passed, as they range themselves behind Matilda.*

DIALOGUE *and* CHORUS.

Mat. Yes, cavaliers, yon castle drear,
Great Richard is a prisoner there.

CHORUS.—*Cavaliers.*

Strange the tidings that you bring,
Great Richard—England's mighty king!

Mat. Yes, cavaliers, yon castle drear,
Great Richard is a prisoner there.

CHORUS.—*Cavaliers.*

Can it be what you relate?
Who explor'd the monarch's fate?

Mat. 'Twas I, with song and veiled eyes,
Approach'd the walls in safe disguise;
His voice I heard—Ah, doubt ye yet?
And could my heart that voice forget
No, cavaliers, yon castle drear,
King Richard is a prisoner there;
Not long a prisoner shall he be,
Whom love and valour join to free!

CHORUS.—*Cavaliers.*

Not long a prisoner shall he be,
Let us arm;
Here we swear to set him free.
Give th' alarm!

Blon. Haste is vain,
'Tis prudence must his freedom gain;
Prudence must you rage restrain.

CHORUS.—*Cavaliers.*

Let us arm.

Mat. Blondel, check the rash alarm.
What should be done, oh, quickly tell;
Cavaliers, oh, listen to Blondel.

CHORUS.—*Cavaliers.*

Blondel! Blondel! it is Blondel.

Mat. Yes, cavaliers, it is Blondel,
The friend of Richard, mark him well.

Blon. Let our deeds our friendship tell,
In the battle—mark Blondel.

CHORUS.—*Cavaliers.*

Let us arm, &c. &c.

Mat. And you my gallant friends.—But thanks would wrong you—the cause is yours.—You, Sir Owen, know this governor. Is he a man whom gold——

Sir O. I must be just. He's one whom neither fear nor interest will sway.

Blon. Then force alone's our hope.

Mat. Attend a moment—Sir Owen, Florestan is apprised that you intend this night a rural feast; he means to be a partaker of your mirth, in hopes of speaking with Laurette.

Sir O. How?

Mat. I cannot now explain this: but be assured he will be here. Some chosen guards may then surround him, and demand the king's deliverance. If he refuses—

Blon. Then to arms!—Here indeed is hope. Seneschal, direct your men to pass the wood, and nearer the morass attend our signal. Let us prepare and arm.

[*Exeunt Blondel, Seneschal, and Cavaliers.*

Enter LAURETTE *and Servants.*

Lau. My father, your village friends will be here straight, and the music is not yet come—then how shall we dance.

Sir O. They will be here my child—fear not, my dear Laurette. [*Sir O. seems to give directions to the Servants.*

Lau. My dear Laurette, so! he's not angry with me now—my dear father, [*To Sir Owen.*] now I am happy! only I wish Florestan could be here to-night.

Mat. [*Aside.*] Charming Laurette! but I dare not trust her yet—'tis happy, however, that the course we have determined on, is free from any peril to Florestan.

[*Matilda goes to Laurette and talks to her. Laurette expresses surprise at seeing her no longer blind.*

Sir O. And mark me, you William, set my old buckler and great sword in my closet.

Will. Sir, they'll be cumbersome to dance in.

Sir O. Fellow, do as I bid you. [*Pushes him out.*] Oh, more lights here in the hall—and, d'ye hear—be ready to welcome all comers. [*Exit servant. Observing Laurette and Matilda.*] I must not appear in their secrets yet.

TRIO.—MATILDA, LAURETTE, *and* SIR OWEN.

Mat. [*Aside to Laurette.*]
Yes, yes, Florestan will be here,
After the dance he will appear.
Lau. Oh! what delight, what joy 'twill be;
Sure he'll find means to speak to me.
Mat. [*To Sir Owen, seeing him approach.*]
We no secrets have, good knight,
I am saying that my sight
Is again restor'd to light.
Lau. [*Very demurely.*]
Yes, my father, very true,
We no secrets have from you;
The youth's well bred and honest too.
Sir O. I'm sure you have no mystery,
Pray talk on, and don't mind me.
Lau. [*To Matilda aside.*]
But does he know how well I love,
And does he swear he'll constant prove?
Mat. Had you but seen the gen'rous youth,
He knelt and vow'd eternal truth.
Lau. ——Kneel and vow,
Ah! he'll be true; I'm happy now.
Sir O. What, he tells thee that his sight
Is again restored to light!

give them welcome.

Enter JULIE, *running.*

Julie. They are all coming, and all so gay, and so neatly dressed—indeed, sir, they are—and I saw the bride myself, blushing, and looking so pretty.—Dear, it must be a charming thing to be married!

Lau. Yes, they are coming indeed, sir.

Sir O. And you are ready, my little Julie, with the dance you——

Julie. Yes, that I am. But pray what are all those fine knights gathering about the house for? They don't look as if they came to be merry. Indeed, sister, they look so fierce, you'd be frightened.

Sir O. Oh no, my child, they will not hurt us.

Julie. No!—then I vow they shall all dance, swords and helmets and all.

[*She runs to meet the Peasants, who appear.*

Chorus of Peasants.

Join hearts, join hands,
In loving bands;
None are happy till they're pair'd;
Nothing's joy that is not shar'd.

Pea. When alone the maid sits pining,
Nature's beauties seem declining,
Nothing can afford delight;
But the favour'd youth appearing,

With his presence all things cheering,
Flowers how sweet—the sun how bright.

Chorus. Join hearts, join hands,
In loving bands;
None are happy till they're pair'd;
Nothing's joy that is not shar'd.

Ant. O'er the sultry mountain ranging,
Shade and pasture ever changing,
Soon I tire my flock to tend:
But if chance Collette address me,
Toil and heat no more oppress me,
Soon, too soon, my labours end.

Chorus. Join hearts, join hands,
In loving bands;
None are happy, &c. &c.

Dance of Peasants. FLORESTAN *having entered, and requested* LAURETTE *to be his Partner, is preparing to dance, Drums beat to drms. The Peasants retire.*

Flor. Ha! what do I hear!

[*Sir Owen and Matilda's Knights aproach him.*

Sir O. Sir—you are my prisoner.

Flor. Sir!

Sir O. You.

Flor. What treason is this?

CHORUS.—*Cavaliers.*

Vain defiance, strive no more,
Yield our king—our chief restore;
Vain resistance—fate's decree
Sets imprison'd Richard free.

Flor. Threats he fears not, who is just
To his honour, to his trust. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Representing the Castle assaulted by Matilda's Troops. BLONDEL *puts himself at the head of the Pioneers, and the assault continues.* RICHARD *appears on the*

Rich. O love! O gratitude!—But, O Matilda!—what can I say to thee, my soul's beloved! my deliverance! my reward! [*Embraces her. To Sir Owen, &c.*] I have more thanks to pay. My heart feels all it owes. And when to my native England I return, so may I prosper in my subject's love, as I cherish in the memory of my sufferings here—a lesson to improve my reign—compassion should be a monarch's nature—I have learned what 'tis to need it—the poorest peasant in my land, when misery presses, in his king shall find a friend.

FINALE.

Chorus. Oh! blest event!—oh! glorious hour!
Liberty and love we sing;
Oh! may they with resistless pow'r,
Protect the blessing which they bring.
Faithful lovers banish fear,
Our delight, our triumph share.

TRIO.—MATILDE, LAURETTE, *and* BLONDEL.

No more shall doubt or sorrow
Disturb my anxious breast;
The sun that gilds to-morrow,
At length beholds me blest.
Chorus. Oh! blest event!—oh! glorious hour!
Liberty and love we sing;
Oh! may they with resistless pow'r,
Protect the blessing which they bring

FINIS.

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